

Student Review

year eleven, issue ten
19 march 1997

with honor code issues since 1986



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with honor code

council dean

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publisher's note

forever in baby blue

by Taryn Wahlquist

It was all about money. I wanted it. I needed it. I longed for it. I begged for it. It was all for a good cause. I promise.

The campaign gained support early. We were raising funds to eliminate some debt that had been acquired over the years. February was the month that I decided to ask the alumni to show me the money. They did. But they asked me to show them something else.

So a few days into the campaign, a shady character from California said he'd donate an extra \$100 if I posed with the Indian Statue in nothing but blue panties. Later he claimed it was a reference to a Barry White song, but I didn't know who Barry White was. All I knew was that Student Review would have 100 extra dollars in the bag if I would do it.

No, No, I won't do it. I told that shady character from California that I'd settle for the \$100 he'd already pledged. Nothing was worth that kind of humiliation. Nothing. Several alumni jumped to the defense of that shady character. They wanted me to do it too. No one would have to see the picture, they said. Just that one shady character. More people began pledging money for me to do it. I continued to refuse, and much to my chagrin, they began to doubt my conviction to Student Review. How could they doubt me? I'd given my soul for Student Review. I'd dedicated the last year of my life to seeing this magazine live on. What did they mean—how much did I love it?

So they got me. I had to do it now. I wouldn't have my conviction questioned. I wouldn't have my dedication doubted. I would do it for my cause. I was true blue for Student Review. But I searched for a way out. I stepped onto the auction block. If you don't think I should do it, pledge some money, I said. We'll see which side wins. Pro-panty vs. Anti-panty. It was a game, I said. And please, God, don't let me lose.

After a couple of weeks, the shady character from California started to get dirty. He made more and more stipulations for what had to be visible in the photograph. So I called it off. He said he was kidding, but it didn't matter. The game had gone on long enough and I was tired of it. So I put an end to it. But it was too late. Someone had naively circulated the challenge to several other

email lists, hoping they would be indignant and jump to my defense, pledging hundreds—thousands even—of dollars to rescue me. I panicked. The game had ended, yet new players were being recruited, spectators were buying tickets—and it was my name on the flier:

"Taryn Wahlquist, the current publisher of SR, has been promised several hundred dollars if she will be photographed with the Indian statue on BYU campus wearing only a pair of baby blue panties. Another set of potential donors are hoping to outpledge the panty people. She says she will go with the highest donors: hopefully some of you will feel compelled to help her avoid such a degraded fate."

I was mortified. Of course I wasn't going to do it, but the hundreds of people who received word of the fundraiser over the internet had no idea. They didn't know what kind of person I was. How could they know I wasn't going to really do it? It was like a nightmare. It was a nightmare. I was having nightmares. I would wake in the night, chilling heads of sweat lingering on my forehead. I had just seen all my aspirations dashed, all my hopes were conquered. The nightmares were the worst...

Professors were marking down my papers. I got comments like, "nice paper, but I don't support prostitution," and "Good work Taryn. You're the finest writer this school has ever seen, but unfortunately, your lack of morals keeps me from giving you the A that you otherwise deserve," and my favorite: "Who raised you anyway? We don't do that kind of thing here."

My academic career was on its way down the toilet. I tried to keep it from flushing, but it would not be stopped. I trudged through the sewers in search of my lost future, but it was to no avail. There was just too much crap down there. I received letters from graduate schools:

"Dear Ms. Wahlquist:

You were on the top of our list of students to begin recruiting next year, but unfortunately, we have received word that you are going to participate in pornographic photography on the campus of Brigham Young University, a campus with a strict dress code which clearly requires the wearing of more

than a pair of blue panties. Your disregard for rules and regulations leaves us with no choice but to remove you from our list of potential recruits, and add you to the list of students who will never be admitted to our institution of higher learning. May God forgive you for what you are about to do."

Campus police officers were patrolling the Indian Statue, day and night. Administrators were calling my home. President Bateman wanted an interview right away. The bishop wanted to see me. My home teachers stopped coming, my visiting teachers stopped calling. I wasn't allowed to take the sacrament. I couldn't get in the testing center. I couldn't write a check at the bookstore. Not even the Counseling and Development Center would take me. I was doomed.

Even my parents betrayed me. They informed me that I would not be coming home this summer. They couldn't have me in their house. "Ours is a house of respect," my mother said. "And we can't have someone in it whom we don't respect." They cut me off financially. I was forced to get a second job. I slept two or three hours a night before I had to go back to work again. My grades were sliding, my eyes were bloodshot, and my roommates hated me. I was alone.

Of course, when I awoke, my roommates were still speaking to me, and there was a friendly email waiting from my parents (they must not have gotten word about the "challenge"). My professors were still wildly praising my papers, and grad schools hadn't (yet) blacklisted me. My breathing eventually subsided and my dizziness faded. My life wasn't completely ruined.

Fortunately, the anti-panties did, in the end, out pledge the pro-panties. But I can't help but wonder what might have happened if they hadn't. Would I have had to go through with it? Would I forever be known as the Blue Panties Publisher? Could I possibly have been as famous as that naked guy at Berkeley? Perhaps it might have been worth it after all. Perhaps not.

So now I'm dying to know: what would you do for Student Review? Remember, it's all about money. And I promise it's for a good cause.

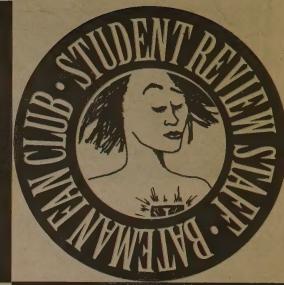
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issues & opinions

to bleed or not to bleed?

by Seth Packham

The woman at the desk in the Richard's Building hands me a form and says, "Have you shaved in the last twenty-four hours?"

"I shaved yesterday," I say. I reach up and feel the scruff on my cheeks, a day's growth. I then return the question, "Have you?"

She, of course, didn't find the question too funny; she was only doing her job, and I come along trying to be smart. But I'm a man that can grow more scruff in a day than the combined total of my roommates. It must be my Italian background because I get that *oh so nice* George Michael look within a matter of hours. And I really get sick of what seems like constant nagging. I've been turned away from intramural basketball games, forced to shave before performing on campus with my band (shameless plug for Richard Pike playing 3/14 at The Station), forced to shave before being issued a swimsuit for my early morning swimming class, etc., etc.

The list of my daily woes goes on and on.

Now you may say, "But Seth, you signed that Honor Code, and you are occupying an envied position at the Lord's University. You must shave. You must!"

"But I do shave," I say. In fact, I sometimes shave two days in a row, even though I hate it and still bleed nearly every time. (Yes, eight years of practice and I still bleed.) I shave because I think it looks better. I think the ladies think it looks better. I shave because of the grooming standard. I don't necessarily want to wear a beard. And I definitely don't want to have the allowed mustache. Not cool.

I just want a little understanding, a little sympathy, a little leniency, a little tenderness. Anyone as hirsute as I am knows the problem. By simply waking up, getting dressed, and driving to the Richards Building to work-out, you have broken the Dress and Grooming Standard, through a sin of omission. You forgot to shave and have inadvertently broken a standard you esteem highly.

The incongruity lies in the amount of effort required for each student at BYU to follow this aspect of the grooming standard. 50% never have to shave (but maybe there should be a leg clause in the name of equality and

fairness). About 20% can go a week or two and show no more than a strip of junior high peach fuzz on the upper lip. Another 20% need to shave every three of four days to look presentable. But the unfortunate souls in the last 10%, of which I am a part, are required on a daily basis to consciously think of the facial growth that occurred during the night and decide whether or not to do something about it. We have to evaluate daily our commitment to the standard.

If we decide we have no time to shave before class are we manifesting rebellion against the school? Are we going to destroy the pseudo-Disneyland, BYU image that is so well-crafted for the outside world to see? Oh the agony we go through each day as we hold the razor in hand and contemplate: "To bleed, or not to bleed?"

Yes, I am a martyr. I shave and I am a martyr for the image of BYU. I am a martyr for the principle of obedience. I do it and I am fine. The image will not be destroyed because of my fear of blood. I would die for this place.

I will bleed for you, BYU.

my secret friend

by Aaron F.

So, I'm strolling along our beautiful campus with my girlfriend, on our way to listen to the prophet's devotional in the JSB overflow . . . everything is grand. Seated outside is a smiling and friendly enough face that projects a cheery "hi." We throw back our own "hello's" and the face shifts to inquisitive and asks, "What's your name again?" I answer, puzzled at how I might know this person, but hey, BYU's a small world (and I have a terrible memory for that kind of stuff anyway). At this, the inquisitive shifts to authoritative and the charade is over. She states her name and announces that she is employed by the Honor Code Council; furthermore, she finds my side-burns to be in violation of Dress and Grooming Standards. Struck rather speechless, thoughts of Big Brother and SS Police blur through my mind and I ask if she is paid to go around and do this. Authoritative becomes defensive and she replies that yes, that is her job. She continues by telling me that if I promise to shorten them up for her, she will refrain from

turning my name in to the Honor Code Council. Thankful not to have to be swarmed by dark sunglasses agents and stuffed into an unmarked sedan, we parted cordially from our friend with the assurance that I would tame my unruly sideburns.

Upon further thought, I have become more and more troubled by this encounter. Who and where are these secret employees of the HCC? Is the friendly person who sits next to me in Bio 100 really checking to see that I don't have any dirt under my fingernails, or that I am indeed wearing socks? And what does 'honor' have to do with the Honor Code anyway? I always thought honor was implicitly connected with moral agency; all of which I felt robbed of during this unpleasant encounter. The moral of the story: if approached by complete strangers (or maybe even that person you've been sitting next to all semester) who are a bit too friendly and inquisitive — you don't know anything, you

can't remember your name, and you don't go to this school. Because hey, we all thought 21 Jumpstreet was dang cool, but I don't think we need undercover 'honor' cops on campus. What next, Thought Police?



my weapon of choice: the honor code

by Brooke Wilson

In light of the Honor Code and all that is ecclesiastically endorsed, I have a few questions to ask: Where in humanity do students find that telling on their roommates is the best solution to an Honor Code violation? Are you power hungry? Vindictive? Bored? Why the insanity? Everyone has a sensational story of someone they know who was kicked out because of a roommate who used the Honor Code to rid his or her apartment of iniquity—when, in actuality, the person accused of wrongdoing was notoriously wronged. Even I know of a chick who got a restraining order strapped on her because she accidentally bumped into her roommate and was eventually kicked out for violating the twenty yard distance. Why the senseless weaponry? Even the Honor Code Council counsels students to talk to a roommate about the problem and simply work it out. If the problem continues, then consult a bishop or someone else who can confront the person with the problem. Where do you find it proper to judge your roommate's honor? Why can't we all just get along? I have to admit, I have great roommates. If there was a problem, I surely would not worry about my student status. But I know not all of you have been blessed and that some of your roommates sincerely believe that M.C. Escher is gang-related and that candles are used to channel the dead. I feel your pain. But we are the Rising Generation who have drawn our Circles of Honor; so what if some of us might have a bigger circle than others, does this justify the right to judge? And here's a question for you: how do you find the time to judge other people's honor when you constantly have to watch your own? I think some of you have to admit to being pushed into a member of the opposite sex's bedroom—completely against your will, I know. How did you repent of that? Did you turn yourself in? Then why do you turn the people that sit with you at Church? Clearly, I just don't understand—but if you're reading this and find my questions troubling, because hey, you have compulsively turned someone in without first talking sensibly with him or her—please, think next time before doing it again. You might one day end up as the 'undesirable roommate' (heaven forbid, I know) and find yourself applying to the

the thought police

by Bryson LeMone

One night, just after the library closed, a friend and I were walking home. She lived in DT, so we had to walk by the Wilk. Because it was freezing cold and all, we decided to cut through the Wilk to save some time. As it turned out, the building had just closed, so the door was locked. There was, however, a door open in the construction zone which led straight to where we wanted to go. I paused at the open door, not even thinking about the \$300 fine, and asked my friend if we should just walk through. I was ready to walk through, but my friend talked me out of it. We turned and headed the long way around. To my surprise, two BYU Student Police Officers were busy on duty. They had been hiding behind the corner near the construction site entrance; so as we circled the corner, they signaled me over and immediately accused me of going in the construction zone. I repeatedly said that I had not set even one foot in the construction zone and clearly wasn't there now, but they still threatened me with a \$300 fine. They asked for identification and reported the incident on their radios. I told them they were being ridiculous; they couldn't cite me for thinking about trespassing. This angered them even more, and they decided that they would also cite me for trying to persuade others to enter a construction zone. Of course they couldn't really fine me for just thinking about entering, so they took my name and student number with the following threat: if I am ever caught in a construction zone or cited for any other violation, my name will already have a record, and I will be punished more severely. They actually wrote me up for thinking of going into a construction zone. Go figure, Big Brother is watching.

the church at byu is not the church i belong to

by Jonathan Hart

guess what got me all riled up about this topic was an article I read in the Daily Universe this morning. In it, Alton Wade, BYU Student Life Vice President suggests that adherence to the Honor Code implemented at BYU is a matter of personal integrity. "Most recognize," claims Wade, "that if the Board of Trustees did not feel our outward appearance has an impact on BYU's environment, they would not require these standards, however the styles are not the real issue. The issue is one of honor." Now maybe he was talking more specifically about young women wearing shorts this spring, since that was the most specific any of his comments ever got, but he also managed to tie it into this really vague concept we call the Honor Code.

These types of editorials, I think, do help the student body intelligently address these issues, by defining how the administration understands the purpose of the Honor Code. I hope that by writing this, I can explain what BYU could possibly mean to those of the student body that don't hold much esteem for what the administration, with all its good intentions, seems to represent.

I need to preface the rest of this article—and please do not skim over this part. I honestly believe that the university (and by that I mean the administration) is trying to create something good here. I believe that the board of trustees is trying to help us. I don't necessarily think there is any type of hidden agenda we're not aware of. There are good people running this school that want to see us happily adjusted for future stages of our lives. And I'm grateful for the earnest love they profess—and I mean that sincerely. But on the other hand, I believe that there are consequences for the way that this school is run that the student body and faculty are suffering for, good intentions or not.

First off, I'll do away with the If-you-don't-like-the-polices-so-much-go-somewhere-else argument. That is such a loaded statement. And maybe there are students at BYU that should leave the university, because they do seem to be overly concerned with those campus conflicts. But there are quite a few students (thousands, I imagine), who are here living the standards to the best of their ability, but who disagree with the policies that perpetuate and enforce the Honor Code. They disagree because they believe this unique social environment at BYU could offer so much more to individual growth, if the constant focus on policies and administration could somehow shift.

Now this could be a shift in many directions—a focus that would alleviate the fears of censorship and tenure among the faculty members, a focus on the education, where students feel free to talk about ideas and question the conventions. I often feel that my education is not much more than an intensified exercise in tact. I feel badly that professors are obligated to spend half of their lecture time offering disclaimers, in fear of offending someone. I feel badly that the one professor who convinced me to stay at BYU is now gladly moving on to another university because now he won't have to work for, as he put it, "crazy people". I feel badly that students are afraid to ask "controversial" questions, for fear of reprimand from fellow students. I feel badly for students that do speak up and are scorned. I feel badly for people whose religious integrity, as perhaps Alton Wade would have us believe, seems to be gauged by something as unrelated as the Honor Code. It's stifling.

BYU is a special place. It could even be more so. But there is an administration here that seems to say, "Don't ask questions! This is all for your good! We do this because we love you!" As true as that may be, who on earth put the notion into the heads of people like Presidents Wilkinson, Lee, or Bateman that it was their role to dictate and enforce these non-religious guidelines? What possessed them? And why is it that the explanations the faculty and student body are given come with beaming endorsements from General Authorities as if they were somehow offered in the capacity of their callings? For me, this is the real issue: we are constantly reminded that

our school is run by the Lord's anointed. I resent that. True or not, that does not put the administration above reproach. Although we may sustain President Bateman as an inspired leader in the LDS Church, his position here as administrator has very little to do with that calling. But we are led to believe that there isn't a difference between the two. Emma Smith once said of her husband that when he spoke as a prophet he was a prophet, but when he spoke as a man, he was a man.

But complying with the administration when we don't understand or agree shouldn't be the solution. We should say what we think. If there's one time in our lives we should be controversial, when ideas should turn us upside-down—it should be now! This is when we should ask the questions. This is the time our beliefs should get a little shaken. This is when we should reexamine our preconceptions. If confronting these issues is inevitable in the real world, shouldn't we prepare to deal with them while we are here, in good company? By condemning and even censoring certain aspects of the educational institution, we are denied the opportunity to process and sort out what we really believe. And I'll suggest some specific examples that we are facing today: feminism, art content, deconstruction, and freedom of speech. By deciding to alter, de-emphasize, or simply not teach certain subjects, the university robs us from learning. That is morally reprehensible. It seems that the administration would like to edit and format the pursuit of intelligence—in short, the very glory of God (D&C 93:36).

Or, if BYU wants to continue this practice of tact, as I called it earlier, it should change its name to something, anything other than university. If the administration wants students in and out in four years, they could call it a junior college. If they're so concerned about getting us a diploma and a high-profile job, they could call it trade school. One of my roommates the other day claimed that BYU was the "training ground for the future leaders of the Church." So maybe it's a religious institute, or a co-ed monastery. Maybe it's a club—Brigham Young's Club. That's my favorite one so far. It's like a club for law and business students with added perks—like art appreciation workshops in the HFAC, seminars at the JKHB on how to heckle English professors, or retreats in Provo Canyon where you learn how to be content jumping on the bandwagon. Maybe I'm just not in on the joke. But let's call a spade a spade. If it's going to be a university, let it be one.

Alton Wade quotes Spencer Kimball as having once said to students, "I realize that you may not agree fully with our code of dress and behavior. Perhaps you do not agree with it at all. You may think it old fashioned or unnecessary or bothersome, but the simple fact of the matter is that the code exists... and you have promised 'on your honor,' to abide by that standard." I can't help but recall a First Presidency message in which President Gordon B. Hinckley suggests, "Discipline imposed for the sake of discipline is repressive." President Kimball's comment suggests that the only reason anyone would have any type of problem with the Honor Code is that it's annoying—which actually, in and of itself, isn't such a bad argument. But the point of this university shouldn't be to discipline us for fun. I imagine the administration could start adding new restrictions to the honor code, like no eating bread on campus. Or how about no green underwear (and that means you, too return missionaries!) And no sidebags—only backpacks! And I imagine that we could come up with legitimate arguments for the implementation of these policies. We can take a quick look at the past, if we'd like to. How about, I think it was around ten years ago, when men were not allowed to walk on campus without socks. One year, there was a statement in the Universe that suggested that the reason BYU supported this policy of sock wearing was directly related to the moral principles that made BYU such a special place: feet hair, it proposed, was medically proven to be nothing more than an extension of pubic hair. Consequently, the year after this edict was released, the policy was removed from the code. Declining values of the world appeared to be winning the battle, even on campus, and

naked feet donning birkenstocks became an essential part of the BYU student's wardrobe. So how does that work? One year the hair on my feet was an extension of my pubic hair. But the next year, the hair on my feet is not so bad after all... not pubic? Not immoral? I could go into the whole issue of women wearing pants or jeans, but I think the dilemma is basically the same. And the dilemma is the same today—men and beards, women and shaved heads, men and long hair, and who can wear how many earrings, hair coloring, clothing style—these are all minor issues by themselves, but they are issues that we are dealing with now. Now my gripe is not whether or not the university has the right to impose these types of standards—this is a private university and that means a lot as far as this discussion is concerned. But I am, as a member of the LDS faith offended, yes offended, that the university suggests that these standards are the Lord's, or that these are somehow the standards that the Church would have us live anywhere in the world. For a long time I struggled with that—is it the administration or the Lord that is guiding these policies? And will the administration please try and make that distinction for the students? We are constantly reminded that this school is run by a general authority and that the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles head the board of trustees. It is by making that point clear that BYU policies become a kind of monolithic presence—even if only in our minds. A close LDS friend put it to me this way the other day, "The Church at BYU is not the Church I belong to."

In one sense, I'm grateful for issues like this—it stimulates something—it gives me something to fight for. I've never had to defend my beliefs more than I have in Provo, Utah. For all the criticism I've expressed here, I'd like to commend the teachers and students who have made this college experience more worthwhile. I have been blessed (I'll even say blessed) with some incredible classes here. Some might say I'm learning in spite of the university—I wouldn't go quite that far. There is a strange chemistry here that I love. It's because of this love that I want to see things change here.

Wade claims that, "...commitment and adherence to the principles embodied in the Honor Code... distinguish(es) BYU from other institutions of higher education." I can't help but think that BYU cares about what the world thinks of them a whole lot more than the world actually does. What "distinction" is the university afraid of losing? And what is the reputation worth if the only reason we appear and act in a Cougar way is because we are forced to? I would like to pretend that my good name and an honest ecclesiastical endorsement from a religious leader are good enough to be a part of this university. Besides, I don't know of any students, here or anywhere else in the world who have determined which university they will attend based on the reputation of the administration! A good education? Yes! A good sports program? Maybe! But I think we keep forgetting how ultimately unimportant the administration really is, or should be! And it's actually the administration's approach toward the faculty and the Honor Code that, if anything else does, ruins the school's reputation. With all due respect, I can't help but point out that, with all the concern about creating a great learning environment, other schools are doing better.

I don't believe in sitting around and complaining. In part, that is why I'm writing this. There are lots of ways that we can actively try to address and change things here. BYU is only as suppressive so much as we let it be. I'm not talking about a revolution—I've only been home from my mission for three months and I'm not much of a radical. I'm talking about the things we do, or don't do, that create the problems. I just want to encourage everyone to think about the reasons they came to BYU. We need to make BYU be what it should be—a university, where we can be proud to participate, grow and learn. We can speak up in class. We can write articles and help people become aware that there actually are important issues. We can petition the school to change policies. We can be organized and know what we want! But let's do something constructive.

"this can be a lesson to you..."

stand something about good ol' Matthew; he's a talker. He'll talk your ear off and not caring who's around to hear what it is exactly that he has to say. Anyway, after limited—yet ample—studying, the day of the final arrived. Christian stretched a bit, took a swig of Barq's and began his final. Done with the first page, Matthew turned to him and remarked, "Dude, this is a hard test! I'm dying on it! There's no way I'm gonna pass it!"

Mostly ignoring him, though quickly glancing in his direction, Christian responded, "Don't worry about it.

You're all right. It's not too bad." Continuing through the final, Christian was interrupted a couple of other times by Matthew, with similar worries. After all of 30 minutes, Christian was finished. "Not bad at all," he thought, and comfortably walked home.

A few hours later, Christian checked his answering machine to see the wonderful red light blinking. Pressing the button, he heard, "Hello Christian, this is your religion professor. Could you please telephone me (see lesson, pg 11)

This is all true. I swear it.

Christian was in the first semester of his senior year here at the Lord's University. He was enrolled in a religion class, that he thoroughly enjoyed. The class consisted of three grades to determine the final grade: 2 midterms and a final. Having received A's on both midterms, I'd say that he had reason to feel a little cocky going into the final, as did his friend Matthew, who had sat next to him the whole semester. But you gotta under-

injust

ravings of a scottish madman

by Dave Sneddon

I am not a lecherous pervert. Just ask my mum, she'll tell you, I'm nice . . . skinny and ugly, but nice. The cause of my carnal denials is an incident which has become known as "the lovecapade." This is the story - After a night of copy editing/pizza eating/movie watching/talking about sex over at Taryn "goddess of love" Wahlquist's house, being the good Mormon kids that we are, we all decided to take our ice chewing and frustration home for the night. Since my

"attractive shades of cream and brown, runs good if you put a battery in, 1971 VW bug" is currently hibernating until sold due to a severe lack of cash, I was given a ride home by our kindly arts and letters editor, Fara. The problem is that we didn't exactly go straight home. We took a minor detour through Arizona. You may think that Arizona is not on the way to 300 North, but it is if you go to Dennys first.

Dennys in Provo is a mythical, enchanted place where dreams come true. Then again it could just be the only place open in Provo at four a.m. Many times I have felt the urge to party till the dawn, even to boogaloo till I puke, only to find myself avoiding my house, sleep and normality by having an 18th refill on my Dr. Pepper at Dennys. (Advice: never get in a how-much-Dr. Pepper-can-you-drink-without-going-to-the-bathroom-till-you-get-home contest. I cried when my roommate Justin decided to do a little off-roading on the way home.) I found myself in just such a situation - avoiding sleep that is, not developing a bladder hernia - on this night.

I'm not really sure who suggested to drive down to Southern Utah to watch the sunrise. I just remember saying "do you want to?" I am convinced that this is the way that many world events began. Columbus probably only said that he'd go West for a bit of a laugh, until someone said "do you

want to?" Moses was probably kidding when he mentioned splitting the sea, till God said, "do you want to?" Micky Dolenz wasn't serious when he suggested the Monkees record their own music, then Peter Tork said, "do you want to?" As a result we now have America, Jews, and the movie "Head." Since we both did, for some unknown reason, have a wild and violent desire to leave Provo, the words "do you want to" were almost unnecessary.

Southern Utah is possibly the best choice for all of those angst ridden souls who are not adapting to making the campus their world. Southern Utah contains all the reasons that make leaving Provo so attractive; polygamy (sex), Caffeinated beverages (drugs), country music (okay, so it's not rock and roll, but it's not Afterglow either). One thing to remember is that some of those little towns have been a little isolated since Brother Brigham sent them down to populate the area. This translates into two noticeable effects. Firstly, that some of those places aren't too sure about gas, what it is, where you can buy it, etc. If you notice that towns like Beaver are on the map, this should be a good hint about the ones that are not. The second effect is that many of these towns have not had a fresh injection of new blood into their gene pool for many years. They want your lovin'. This is not too dissimilar to BYU in that marriage is often the first date. Also, the cliches about rednecks marrying their cousins which they met at family reunions - they're all true. I even have a good friend from one of the larger towns (pop. 300) who did just this. At his wedding, I got to see first hand the effects of a family tree that doesn't fork. Some seven foot tall guy was greeting people at the door. He had no chin and an Adams apple you could hang your coat on. The poor man looked like a halibut with legs, and I dread to imagine what

his inbred mind resembled. The dear Lord did not mean for people to look like that, God created man in His own image and it would be a sad day for Christians around the world if God looked anything like this guy, whose parents must have been related in at least three ways.

After a few adventures with some stranded tourists who we picked up and then nearly stranded again by running out of gas (Toquerville and Laverkin have no gas stations.) we saw a sign saying "Grand Canyon 139 m." Now what else could I do? Of course, 139 miles later we saw another sign which said, "Grand Canyon, Northern Rim - closed for Winter."

We managed to get back to Provo in time for the end of yet another SR meeting/party. Walking in the door, covered in red dirt and suffering from severe sleep deprivation, we became the joke of the week and even spawned the word of the week "lovecapade" from another editor. Since we had walked in slightly sunburned and looking like a happy, glowing, fresh from the chapel of love in Vegas, couple, there were questions to be answered about whether or not we had had illicit sex. So long as you too can come home with your ecclesiastical endorsement intact, I highly recommend a lovecapade of your own. Spontaneous roadtrips may not help your grades, but they do give you a healthy dose of normality, and prevent the mental inbreeding that our academic isolation here perpetuates. So whether you are a writer, lovecapader, or just a naked groupie, come join Student Review, (eight p.m., Tuesdays, Brimhall Atrium). It's not against the Honor Code yet and since we are all too young for the summer of love, we can have the summer of lovecapade instead.

judgement day: photo-enforcer soon to come

by David C. Moody

In a surprising new move, the BYU administration has decided to put photographing machines all over campus that, in addition to snapping a photo, will measure the length of shorts or skirts, hair length for men, any unique body piercing, or "extreme" styles in general. Inspired by the increasingly popular traffic photo-cops that take a photo of speeders and send a ticket with it to the speeders' homes, BYU has decided that this will be the best way to eventually start weeding out the troublemakers to make more room for the four or five more worthy BYU hopefuls ready to take their place.

We talked to some of these hopefuls about their views on this new and bold move by BYU officials. On such hopeful, Jerry Hattick, age 27 from Winnemucca, Nevada, currently working landscaping but hoping major in comparative literature, commented on his desire to attend BYU to get a good education and to also find a worthy mate. "Yeah, I'm just basically standing by, waiting for the go-ahead to come where I can be an asset to the school. I think that this new enforcing machine will really help my chances of getting in next year when I apply. I've been to the BYU before, and I'm confident beyond a shadow of a doubt that a lot of students wallowing in non-conformity are going to get quite a surprise when this is all implemented."

Violating students will have a photo sent to their house along with a message of the problem. The first time, each student will receive a friendly warning. Messages will be positive on the warning, using the following kinder and more gentle form: "Hey, How about a hair cut! (Smile!)" or "maybe you could try that body pierce on your earlobe instead! It might look great!" or "Hey you're super! A nice pair of green shorts cuff extenders would go awesome with your outfit!" — or have you considered clam diggers???" or "that extreme style might go over better at a dance club like the Bay or club Omni than here! (Smile!)" With subsequent warnings, more pressure will be put on the students, with messages such as "I don't think any of the other five students that could be taking your place would wear such a revealing skirt." Any student who has to be issued a third warning will simply have a time and date to meet with a dress and grooming standards officer to discuss the problem. BYU is hoping to relieve students and teachers of the

awkward responsibility of having to narc on one another. Instead, they hope that the machine will give it straight to the student through photos.

We contacted newly elected BYU officers Anderson and Bowers regarding what they think of this new photo development. "This is Awesome! We're going to back the administration 100%!" they responded in unison.

The new "dress and grooming standards O'meters" (DGSO'meters) should be fully operational by mid-November of next year. For now, prototypes will start appearing sometime in April that show you as you walk by and flash a simple message like "shorts too short" or "unshaven." Says BYU official and DGSO'meter guru LaMichael Patterson, "These prototypes will basically let the students know what is to come and will give them a taste of how accurate these things really are."

He continued, "Eventually we hope to develop an Honor Code O'meter that measures worthiness by looking on the heart, as it were, since that's how the Lord does it—but that's at least eight to ten years away. That way we could discern attitude, if they attend their church meetings regularly, and if they are active in filling their ward callings among other things." Asked if this could be a violation of student rights, he said "students knew what they were getting into when they came here. They knew what was on the table and accepted it. The benefits of having a more upstanding campus will make everything right. Sometimes you just have to sacrifice for a greater cause and stop kicking against the pricks. As it says in the scriptures I never said it would be easy, just worth it"—actually I'm not really sure of the reference on that, but I think it's maybe either in Jarom or somewhere in the Apocrypha."

Like it or not, the Dress and Grooming Standards O'meters will soon become a permanent fixture on campus. The wheat will be separated from the chaff, giving more worthy students the chance to attend the university. As one Stake President put it, "Unholy beware!"

top 20: double pierces bananas jarvis cocker miller lovecapades shovel action scratching belly rings art models in speedos clyde colby loose-fitting clothes drag kilts feminism liberalism byu hershey eggs dysfunctional FHE I never...

bottom 10: \$50 U2 fix fruit jets black liquid eyeliner all-nighters howard stern vampires itching pioneer stories blushing rejection

As many of you know the Honor Code Council will soon be no more. After this semester it will be replaced with something new and wonderful. It will be somewhat akin to the time when Kentucky Fried Chicken mysteriously disappeared and that really exciting, hip and groovy place, (that strangely enough, also served chicken) KFC appeared. This will be so much more than simply changing the name of the Honor Code Council, this will be complete rejuvenation, a rise from the ashes so to speak. (Perhaps the BYU mens basketball team could improve by changing its name, how about - the BYU mens chess team.)

It is desperately exciting to know that, while we may never see the new library/nuclear test site/wading pool's completion, we will see not only Cougarcat II but also Honor Code Council II. While working late one night in the Kimball tower, contemplating the magnificence of this splendid idea, one lucky SR staffer accidentally came across the short list of new names for the Honor Code Council. It is

accordingly with supreme reverence that we present to you the future of your, 1997 BYU Cougar Honor Code Council.

Short list of names:

Ministry of love
Wild-eyed Willy's Watchers
Center for re-education
The still small voice
The Council for thought
purity
Your on-campus conscience
Big Merrill's Bikini car-wash
chicks
Provo Vice
Narc's R us
Your girlfriends roommate
Mighty Mormon Virtue
Rangers
Tough love
Bro. Bateman's Avenging
Angels
Enforcers of righteousness
NO! (Naughtiness out)
& (formerly known as the
Honor Code Council)

feature

study and ponder

by Ben Lindorf

Over the Christmas holiday I had the fortune to spend a weekend trapped in a cabin in the High Uintas with a band of University of Utah students. I didn't think this would pose any problem. We were all excited about a weekend of skiing and games and everyone seemed to have enough in common to ensure a pleasant weekend. Everything passed well enough until breakfast on Saturday morning, when the subject of the Honor Code was approached. I found myself defending the Honor Code for the first time in my life, against people who seemed to see it akin to Nazi fascism. I was embarrassed by my lack of conviction for, and understanding of, BYU's Dress and Behavior codes. My excuses for the code were feeble: "well...uh, I guess it's just what they think is best...It's a good school no matter what!" My weakness was obvious, and they slaughtered me for the rest of the trip.

So when I had the chance to interview Rush Sumpter, Director of the Honor Code Office, I took the opportunity to clear up some of the dust in my mind. The answer to my first question didn't clear things up at all. When I asked directly "What is the Honor Code?" I was reminded why it is always so confusing; Brother Sumpter began bringing out pamphlets, citing pages in the University Bulletin, and showing me pages and pages of supplemental information on the Honor Code he is currently drafting. I began to feel the same sick fragility I had felt under the scrutiny of my U of U friends, and understood why so many of the students on this campus balk at the immensity of our living codes.

Fortunately Brother Sumpter was sensitive to this confusion, and pulled me back from my personal recoil. With a wink in his eye he explained that he doesn't like to call it the Honor Code at all. Brother Sumpter prefers to call it the "Character Development Curriculum" for the students of the University. His idea of the Honor Code centers around human development. As he sees it, in order to grow in this life we require challenges, and a balance between support and difficulty, which will allow us to progress to our fullest potential. The Honor Code provides us with the challenge, as well as the support for that challenge, in the same way a spotter will aid a weight lifter, supporting the athlete from injury, while pushing the lifter to the limits of his or her strength. According to Brother Sumpter, students are "concerned with issues of autonomy and identity; the Honor Code tells them what kind of person to be."

Another important focus of the Honor Code involves the example we bear to others. Brother Sumpter explained to me that we take upon ourselves the name of BYU when we come to this school and that even after we have obtained our degrees and have said our goodbyes, we will still be representatives of this school. To him, this prin-

ciple is the same as taking upon ourselves the name of Jesus Christ and making covenants to follow Him. Brother Sumpter recited how Karl G. Maeser, who, when called to head the Brigham Young Academy, was told by the prophet not even to attempt teaching the alphabet without the spirit of the Lord. Maeser took this call seriously and endeavored to create an environment where students could study secular principles with the spirit. Sumpter recalled how the then President Eyring counselled professors of BYU that if they would do nothing to detract from the spirit of the Holy Ghost, their works would be more important, they would have greater influence, and their students would learn faster and with greater depth of understanding. Thus, BYU has become an experiment in *higher* education, meaning education with the spirit.

Brother Sumpter and the other members of the Honor Code Office and Council see themselves as protectors of the cloistered learning environment the spirit creates. When a violation (the Council prefers to call it a "non-compliance") of the Honor Code occurs, it affects the entire campus community. In Sumpter's vision, we are all entrusted with the same protective mission, students and faculty alike, to protect each other from anything that would remove the spirit from our environment. Brother Sumpter agreed that this is a tremendous responsibility, but urged students to ponder the potential blessings of this relationship with the spirit if we, as a campus, are valiant.

In defense of the Honor Code at BYU, Brother Sumpter points out that many universities have Honor Codes, although he concedes that on most campuses students would be appalled to hear that they would be suspended for sleeping with a girlfriend or boyfriend, or even having a member of the opposite sex in the bedroom. But he feels that BYU's rigid standards reflect a greater respect for the student body, saying, "We care if someone smokes, we have zero tolerance for drugs." When I asked if the Honor Code could ever become Pharaical in nature, Sumpter conceded that this was a possibility. If those in charge of enforcing the Honor Code view it from a legal perspective and focus on punishment rather than education, then the code which is charged to protect us would limit out potential for growth.

Learning how the Honor Code is administrated was quite interesting. Sumpter points out that he and his staff regard Honor Code violations from the standpoint that they would not occur if the students understand the Honor Code. Education them comes "first and last...even if we suspend a student we give them conditions for return." From this perspective, the Honor Code becomes educational rather than punitive. When deciding how violations should handled, Sumpter and his staff examine various factors. His group considers a student's history of violations, as well as his or her attitude toward change. Sumpter and his staff do not want to dis-

rupt a student's life; before acting, they examine the impact of their decision, balance all the elements of their actions, and prayerfully act on what they feel is best for the student.

Our current Honor Code hails from 1990-91, when students began to complain at the standing regulations (socks were mandatory for men at all times, no one could wear shorts, etc.). Seeing that styles had changed since the last revision, President Lee called together a committee of students and faculty members to draft a proposal. This proposal then went to the President's Council, the Board of Trustees, and finally the leaders of the Church; each of these bodies made changes along the way. Permission to wear shorts was only granted by the Brethren at the behest of President Lee, who was told, "you will one day regret it. And he probably did," Brother Sumpter adds.

In closing, Sumpter gave the student body advice to help put the Honor Code into better perspective. He said BYU students should "study and ponder" the truths behind the code without focusing on its problems. Sumpter also urged students to "withhold judgment," to maintain that campus employees and students, specifically those in authority, are good people, and not to "rag" on them. To Sumpter, the Honor Code applies even to this facet of our university experience: we should be patient and remember that the leaders of our campus are not deliberately mean. Often, we fail to understand everything that goes on behind the scenes.

Sumpter's plea seems valid, as well as his sentiment that if everyone supported the Honor Code as completely as when we signed it to come here, there would be no need for his staff of counselors and students leaders to coach us on our commitment. As for myself, I had mixed emotions in leaving my interview. Brother Sumpter is a very charismatic and convincing advocate for the Honor Code; he has to be. I felt a strong appreciation for the Honor Code while sitting in his office hearing him bear testimony to its validity and its pivotal role on our campus; but for me, his influence seems to be local. For the rest of the day I found myself examining my actions against the standards of the Honor Code and all that Rush Sumpter and I had discussed. I didn't like it. I wonder and worry about over-embracing a lesser law, and see ample parallels with the old law/new law conflict from the New Testament. I feel stronger in my understanding of the Honor Code, but wonder if, on my next ski trip, I will even offer up any defense for our living codes. I have a conviction, and my conviction is clearer, but still fragile enough that attempting to fully justify it just might ruin it. I'm still sorting out what I believe. My conviction behind the Honor Code is still primarily rooted in the fact that I signed an agreement to obey it while I am a student. Like tuition, it is a price I am willing to pay in order to pursue an education at BYU.

student survey of the honor code

1. Have you agreed to abide by the Honor Code?

98% yes
0% no
2% no comment

2. Are you aware of everything you're agreed to? (Have you read it?)

72% yes
24% no
4% no comment

Others: "I read until I got bored with it, so yes and no."

"Heck no."

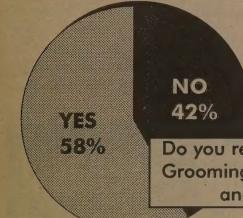
"The Honor Code Council said I didn't need to know what I was signing, and I could rest assured they would tear out my spine if I accidentally broke any of the rules which I didn't know existed."

3. What time are members of the opposite sex supposed to be out of your apartment?

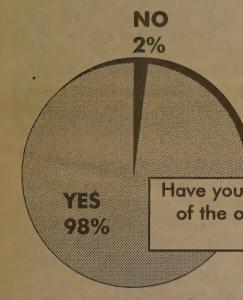
Weeknights: 12 pm -60% Weekends: 1:30 am -25%
11 pm -17% 1 am -44%
10 pm -23% 12 pm -31%

(Incidentally, the correct answer is 1:30 am on Fridays, midnight on all other nights.)

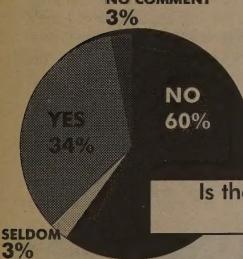
4. Have you ever had a member of the opposite



Do you realize that Dress and Grooming standards apply on and off campus?



Have you ever had a member of the opposite sex in your bedroom?



Is the Honor Code Pharisac?

sex in your bedroom?

98% yes
2% no
Others: "Almost every night—I'm married to her."
"Members of the opposite sex don't even come to my place."
"Yes, because she just opened the door and came in while I was studying."
"He was just helping me fix my sewing machine."

5. Do you realize that Dress and Grooming Standards apply both on and off campus?

58% yes
42% no
Others: "Yes, I even shower in knee-length shorts."
"Never heard of it." (This from someone who reportedly reads the Honor Code every year for their ecclesiastical endorsement.)

6. When you have to make a moral decision, does the fact that you agreed to abide by the Honor Code ever influence that decision?

38% yes
60% no
2% no comment

Others: "Yes, but that is not the main reason."
"Yes, but so does the council member hiding in the bushes and spying on me, waiting to pounce."
"No, the fact that I've decided to live the principles of the gospel made it for me a long time ago."

7. Do you see the Honor Code as Pharisac?

34% yes
60% no
3% no comment

3% seldom
Others: "No, I think it helps keep the high standards BYU should have."
"No, I think it is necessary to remind people of the things they've promised to do."

"In some ways, yes. For example, the trial banning of rated-R movies from the Varsity."

"No, the only time it becomes an entity more Pharisac is when people get it in their heads to exercise unrighteous dominion (see D&C 121). I can't ever really support that."

"Sorry, I don't get the question."

8. Do you stand up for the Honor Code with non-BYU students?

79% yes
17% no
4% seldom
Others: "Yes, it wouldn't be fair to judge different people by different standards."
"Depends."

"Never had the opportunity to, but I believe BYU is right in its position of holding everyone to the same code."

9. The Honor Code Office is looking for a new name. What would you suggest?

The "No, we really do want to throw you out for something" Council.

Da Slammah

Soldiers of Integrity

Big Brother's Watching You: BBWY (there were several votes for variations on this theme)

I'll Be Watching You (as quoted from The Police)

The Dark Side of the Force

Standards

Hitler's Helpers

BYU's Secret Police

Honor Code Office

Rat Police

Nazi Police

The Official Office of Enforcement of the Code of Honor for the former Brigham Young Academy, currently known as Brigham Young University (TOOOEOCTCOHFTFBYUCKABYU)
We Know Who You Are

10. If you could ban any one thing (anything!) by adding it to the Honor Code what would it be?

Hair bows

Loud freshmen

Campus construction

People who come to BYU to get married.

Bureaucracy

Parking tickets

Watching sports on the TV in the basement

Basketballs, so those annoying jocks in my hall won't

keep me up until 3 am dribbling around

People that shave their heads

Utah drivers

Aren't there enough bans already?

All Internet access—that is the root of all evil!

Interview With A Bishop

by Thomas Sones

At the end of winter semester, each continuing student at BYU faces the inevitable Continuing Ecclesiastical Endorsement interview with his or her bishop or proper ecclesiastical leader. The purpose of the interview is to

assure that each student is attending his or her church meetings and observing the commandments and policies of the school. As the deadline for these endorsements swiftly advances (April 1), I interviewed my Bishop, a man whom I regard highly, about his feelings towards the Honor Code and the Ecclesiastical Endorsement.

My bishop explained that he, like many others, feels that the Honor Code is a vital part of BYU and its heritage. The Honor Code clearly defines the expectations of the university for its students. He reminded me the questions asked in the Ecclesiastical Endorsement are requested by the First Presidency of the Church—it is so stated on the endorsement form. We both agreed that if students don't want to obey the honor code, they should not come to BYU—after all, it is a private university.

I explained to my bishop that a very high percentage of students whom I surveyed agreed that decision making is based primarily on values and morals attained previous to their experience at BYU, and they hardly consider the fact that they have signed the Honor Code.

Students commonly say, "The Honor Code is signed so that we can get into BYU and hardly makes a difference afterward." My bishop acknowledged that this attitude was probably common and is not necessarily a problem.

Bishop was somewhat surprised to hear that nearly every student surveyed admitted to having a member of the opposite sex in their bedroom (even if it was just to fix their sewing machine). This is becoming a big issue among many of the students who don't think it's important. He admitted that most incidents are innocent, involving crowded apartments or loud roommates. However, he warned that regrettably many times the same innocent instances have led to serious transgression. He stressed that the rule, petty as it seems, is very important to our eternal welfare.

brief history of the honor code

April 24, 1876: Principal Karl G. Maeser told the first BYU class, "I trust you all. I give you my confidence. I put you all on your word of honor." "Liable to expulsion."

1879-1900: The Domestic Organization was organized for the maintenance of the rules of the Academy. Action for infractions was decided by the President or in general faculty meetings.

"Strictly forbidden."

1900-1912: In his final report to the Board of Trustees, President George Brimhall said, "...in matters of discipline, the students have managed while the faculty has taught...Students who frequent pool halls...bowling alleys or other such places of questionable repute shall cease visiting them or suffer the penalty of being suspended from school."

1924-1925: No policy or committee to handle Honor Code issues. The Dean of Women's Office and Dean of Men were created, however, to work with students.

1945-1949: Dean of Women and Dean of Men were combined into Dean of Students.

1949: The Blue Key National Honor Fraternity chapter codified the Honor Code which document was ratified by the students. This document created the Honor Council, a body composed of students.

1955: Student Honor Council evolved into an organization of counseling. The Faculty Committee on Honor became the body which handled honor. This committee's name was changed to University Standards Committee.

1959-1969: Dress and Grooming Standards were formally implemented.

1969: The Honor Council went out of existence.

1971: Two additions are made to Dress and Grooming Standards regarding slacks and "modest length" hemlines for women.

1972: Code of Honor is revised and adopted by several Church institutions.

1978: Approval given for women to wear denim.

1979: Female employees of BYU allowed to wear slacks to work between October and April 30.

1980-1981: Women allowed to wear jeans.

1988: Formation of Honor Code committees in response to President Jeffrey R. Holland's plea to reexamine the Honor Code.

1991: Formation of the Honor Code Council and the new Honor Code and Dress and Grooming Standards. Includes men being allowed to wear socks, the beard policy, and allowance of shorts to the knee.

1995: Revision of the beard policy. Students now required to go to a certified dermatologist to determine the need of a beard for medical reasons.

appropriate sabbath accompaniment to heaven or hell

by Mark Smith, Fara Anderson, and Mara Ashby

Who says pop culture is focused on the temporal world? Clearly, singers and songwriters of today have a rooted interest in their final dwelling place. In fact, spirituality and religious exploration constitute the second most popular topics of songs, albeit a distant second to the topic of love. Depending on the goal of your destination and considering the focus upon this subject so prevalently discussed on sunays, here is a list of songs whose lyrics might help to appropriately guide your path on the sabbath day.

If you're headed for heaven, nirvana, or Elysium, these tunes were sung for you:

Angel— Jimi Hendrix
 Just like Heaven— Cure
 Touched by the Hand of God— New Order
 What if God Was One of Us— Joan Osborne
 Stairway to Heaven— Led Zeppelin
 Personal Jesus— Depeche Mode
 Heavens— James

On the other hand, if you're okay with eternal hellfire and brimstone, turn up a couple of these babies:

There's a place in hell for me and my friends— Morrissey
 Father Lucifer— Tori Amos
 Sympathy for the Devil— Rolling Stones
 Straight to Hell— The Clash
 Devil Inside— INXS
 Sunday Bloody Sunday— U2
 Into the Fire— Sarah McLachlan
 Judas— Depeche Mode

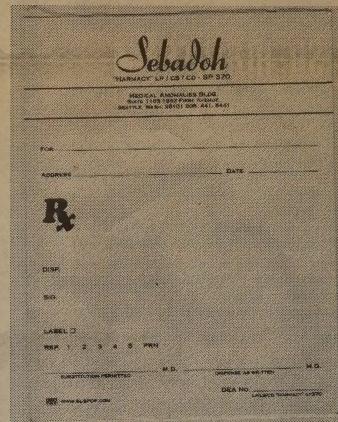
those bastard souls - sebadoh

by Mark Smith

There's always a show like this where you only want to hear a certain band play so you go and see your band then leave, or you go late to miss the opening bands. This is what happened this time. I went an hour late hoping to bypass the obligatory opening band. Not only did I get there before Those Bastard Souls had started their set, I got there early enough to catch some local SLC band in all their youthful glory. They sounded like a less sonic version of Unwound with a Smashing Pumpkins feel. It really sucked. I only wish I had caught their name so I could warn you away from them. So much for being fashionably late.

I must say that Those Bastard Souls surprised me. First comparisons reminded me of Camper Van Beethoven because they have a violin player in the band and lots of college-radio attitude hearkening back to about 1988 or so. After the first couple of songs though, they began to sound more and more like Pavement; they kind of rocked. I don't know that I'll go looking around for any of their albums anytime soon, but if I see one in the bargain bin of Crandall Audio I might just have to check it out. Though the music kind of lagged in places, and almost every line seemed to be about taking a spaced-out trip to California, they were fun to watch, and they had a sort of jack-of-all-trades guy who played a variety of instruments when he could be roused from his own spaced-out stupor.

But, I was glad for them to be done. I ain't the same energy-filled youth as I was in my heyday, and I was getting tired. Sebadoh finally came on and they were



long overdue. The last time they played here was two years ago when they appeared at the U of U ballroom, and lots of people were anxiously awaiting their return.

Though I wish I could say this concert was the best one ever, that would be a lie. Expectations were high, especially after hearing their brilliant new album, but the show was plagued with technical difficulties. I don't know what was exactly wrong, but the band members didn't seem very happy. They would play a few songs, then walk around the stage muttering to themselves or stopping by to say hi to the drummer, then they'd launch into another couple of songs.

Sebadoh is unique in quite a number of ways, and one of the most interesting aspects is that they share the songwriting duties and can play all three instruments used by the band. Therefore, the evening started with Mr. Louis Barlow on guitar, Jason Loewenstein on bass, and Bob Fay on drums. They proceeded to play a number of songs off the new album, Harmacy, as well as some old favorites such as "Brand New Love" and "Soulmate". Halfway through the show, Lou and Jason switched instruments, and they played some of Jason's songs. Probably the biggest difference between their styles is that all of Lou's songs are emotion-driven songs of lost love and bittersweet sorrow while Jason's songs just plain rock with a sort of reckless abandon. In my opinion, the two styles mix perfectly.

Though it wasn't a perfect concert, and Sebadoh lacked the energy they usually have, it was still a rockin' good time, and I definitely recommend you buy their new album, Harmacy, out now on the Sub Pop record label.

honor code music stuff!

by Mark Smith and Buck Mulligan

Though there is nothing specific in the Honor Code concerning music and what is acceptable to listen to, many students feel that it is a point of honor to listen only to that music which is in harmony with the teachings of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Honor Code does say that we should always use good language, and this principle should be reflected in the music we listen to as well. Many people believe they can listen to music with bad lyrics (sexual references, profanity, racism, promotion of violence or other bad things) without paying attention to the words. They cry, "We just like the music itself, not the words!" Such hypocrisy must stop.

Others believe it is alright to listen to music on Sunday, the Lord's day; music other than officially sanctioned LDS hymns. But they, too, are wrong. We commonly hear, "But Enya is alright, I feel the Spirit when I listen to it," or, "Run DMC is good any time of the week." Once again, if we are going to be such hypocrites and justify our actions, then the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints are under serious condemnation. We must repent and change our ways. We are taught to learn a special hymn to use in case we are tempted to do something wrong. Though it has not been revealed yet, this is in preparation for the day we are commanded to cease our

idolatrous worship of evil rock stars and embrace new heroes, hymn writers. For now, we are counselled to listen to hymns in our spare time, but it will eventually become a commandment, and we will have to live a higher law.

Even classical artists are not kosher. Doesn't anybody know what Ravel's Bolero was written for? It's really an accompaniment to copulation, yet there are missionaries listening to this kind of trash. A call is now being made, a call to action, a call to rid this world of all music except for hymns. No more Janice Kapp Perry or Michael McClean, no more rap, hip-hop, rock and roll, country, jazz, latin, aye carumba, grunge, techno, disco, no more nothing, just good old-fashioned LDS hymns. And why should it stop there — there are plenty of those that are unnecessary as well. Sure it's fun to sing Love at Home, but only two verses? What a crock — real hymns have four verses, with two more waiting in the wings in case we need to kill time. In Our Lovely Deseret, now there's a hymn. Fun to sing, strict in doctrinal teaching, and entirely unrelenting.

So make the commitment now; dedicate your ears solely to hymns of praise. Sing with your family, friends or roommates, it doesn't matter who you're with, just sing. And the Youth of Zion shall not falter!

cinematics

another moral dilemma

by Amy Leaver

President Ezra Taft Benson said in a conference address, "Do not see R-rated movies" (May 1986 Ensign 45). Elder M. Russell Ballard said, "I believe the entertainment industry cannot portray on film people gunned down in cold blood . . . and not have it affect the attitudes and thoughts of some of the people who see it. . . . And I believe that the desensitizing effect of such media abuses on the hearts and souls of those who are exposed to them results in a partial fulfillment of the Savior's statement that 'because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold'" (Dec. 1996 Ensign 58).

Here an apostle advises people to carefully consider what they watch, and President Benson blatantly states not to see R-rated movies. So why do BYU students who have signed an Honor Code that states we "will live a chaste and virtuous life" go to these types of movies?

I admit, I have seen R-rated movies. In fact, I only started watching them after I got to Provo. Before that I thought seeing R-rated movies was a complete waste of time and money. There were enough PG movies to pick from so I never bothered with any others.

Why the switch in attitude, you ask? I started seeing R-rated movies because I wanted to. The End. There was no rationalization or excusing the movie, including "that one part." I wanted to see a film so I did. The times when I felt like I needed to rationalize were when roommates or friends gave me "that look" after I told them I

saw a R-rated movie. In fact, I lied about a movie I saw because I didn't want to take any crap from my roommates—she didn't approve of seeing anything worse than PG movies. I confess, too, I've liked some of the R-rated movies I've seen. There have even been R-rated movies that have changed my perception of history and I have recommended them to others.

Why then did I need to lie about seeing a movie if I felt no guilt? Perhaps no matter what rationale I apply ("it truly hasn't been condemned by the church" or "I have my agency"), I just don't need to see R-rated movies. Why don't I see them?

Well, every R-rated movie has that "one scene" or language or violence in it. Is it possible to live a chaste and virtuous life with those things in my head? And if I have the agency to choose to see R-rated movies, then don't I have a choice to follow the counsel of church leaders I sustain and not see R-rated movies? If an R-rated movie can have so much affect on me, then can't a PG-rated movie affect me as much?

I thought my roommates that didn't see R-rated movies were geeks. How much more Molly can you be? R-rated movies are always the ones that win at the Academy Awards; the great actors are constantly in them; they're just better. My professors have even recommended R-rated movies that are "must-see's." I was cool because I had seen those particular movies. But is it really truly cool?

I think the real question that needs to be asked is: Is it more cool and honorable to see R-rated movies or is it more cool and honorable to follow the counsel of church leaders?

editing for the mature and the not so mature

By Thomas Sones

Earlier in the semester, I was discussing a Japanese film I had seen at International Cinema with a friend. He was unable to see the film during its run on campus, but had rented it because of my insistence that he see it. The conversation went somewhat as follows:

"Hey, did you see *Mystery of Rampo*?"

"Yeah, I rented it this weekend."

"It was great, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, especially that one part!"

"What part?"

"You know... THAT PART...! She had really great you know what's, right?"

I had no idea that the movie I told him to see was rated R and had nudity and sexual scenes (not that he minded). I was under the misconception, like many other students, that International Cinema did not edit their films. I was wrong. And my friend had suffered (or not suffered) because of my assumption. As a result, I'll always wonder if the movies I see there are edited or not.

I recall another experience at IC when I went to see *My Father's Glory*, one of my favorite French films. The movie includes a scene of two boys showering with a hose in the

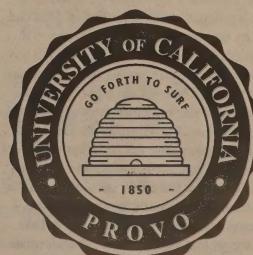
French countryside. Innocent as it was, I was embarrassed. Not by the nudity of the children (my mom had us do the same), but by the immaturity of the students. You would have thought they were showing *Truth or Dare* by the unbelievable uproar of protests; the students were offended somehow by the innocent children frolicking in their birthday suits.

I'm not sure about every one else's cards, but all three of my IC cards say, "Since this is an academic program, the films are generally more mature.... Because of that, you are expected, as the ticket holder, to be mature." If you can't take the heat, stay out of the kitchen. I don't think the children's frolicking should upset mature audiences.

On the other hand, if you want to be immature and have a fun time doing it, may I suggest a film at the Varsity Theater in the Wilkinson Center, they show plenty of edited R-rated movies with an initial R rating. But thanks to some lucky person, who edits out all the good stuff, you can have a lot of fun. Anyone who frequents the Varsity knows that you actually hear more of the bad language than the words that follow. These slips cause an uproar of laughter in the theater and prove to be quite entertaining. If they did bleep the right words, it's twice as fun reading lips. In addition, it is obvious where explicit scenes are removed, leaving the mind to wander and be creative. So if you want a mature, serious film, go to International Cinema, but for a fun time, call 378-3311.

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arts & letters

a detailed explanation and apology to the honor code for my "lewd conduct" referral last thursday

by Brick Heinsfort

I don't know how this is to be told: in the past present indicative, near future imperative, or filled with rhetoric, symbol and hidden meaning in the if's, and's, what's, and who's of BYU. I really don't know what my point is, who I'm writing for, and if this is just an exercise I'm fated to finish or whether I'm justified, mystified, codified or whatevered to write this. Anyway, this is my first semester here at the Y. Since it is my first semester, I figured that I had to do some things to fit in. I though I had everything: short Honor Code length hair, Honor Code length shorts, Honor Code approved braided belt, and my favorite, the Honor Code approved fuzzy denim hat. I had the suggested freshman classes, lived in the dorms with a dorky roommate; I had everything except for one thing: I needed to get an on-campus job. So, I went over to this one building—there's this old lady there who was real nice, and told me to look downstairs on the job board. I had to get a 'priority number' or something—they said to come back the next day stand up when my number was in range. That was okay.

I was really underqualified for all the positions on the list: groundscrew...janitorial...more janitorial...damn! Then I saw it, the perfect job: "models needed for figure drawing; 5-10 hrs/wk. males will wear a speedo, females will wear bikinis." Oh cool. I just sit there and get paid. Cool.

I went to that number thing the next day—I thought I had the coolest number, but nobody stood up when the job came up—I guess that meant that I got it. Everyone around kind of laughed at me (but they had never seen me in a speedo). I looked around, and one of the girls in the back blushed, staring at me with a "didn't your mommy tell you about modesty?" look. I couldn't understand why, I was convinced this was definitely the coolest job.

I though this was the ideal Honor Code approved on-campus job. Then I went and saw my cousin Larry. Larry is twenty-seven and not married. People joke and say that he's a menace to society and he seems to like it—being a menace. He's pretty laid back. Whenever I go to see him, he always burps and scratches his groin before he asks me to sit down; he's really cool, you see, and doesn't need formalities. He's also really good at giving advice. I remember once, I like this girl, and he said that I needed to really show her—follow her to classes, wait for her outside bathrooms, call her at least two or three times a day—things like that. She never did talk

to me—man, she was busy. I don't think I've ever met anyone as busy as she was.

I told Larry about my job; he laughed, too, but said I was a stud, and then mentioned something about a bulge battle. It was during a commercial break on tv. Then he got real serious. He said, "Brick, this whole thing sounds great, but I think you forgot about one thing." I said "What?" He stretched back in his chair, looked up at the ceiling for a minute, breathed deeply, and put his arms on his knees looking straight at me. "What if," he said, "you're sitting there posing, and you let your mind wander. Then, all of the suddenly mega-hot robe-babe walks in, winks and blows you a kiss, and you...you know?"

The trip to Larry's really made me think, and I now truly realized the moral implications of what I was about to undertake. Now I saw more than just the easy, comfortable job I was looking forward to. I saw the depth, the weight, and the possible embarrassment that could arise if I did not give this job my entire attention.

My training went quite amiably. Everyone was so friendly. They issued me a speedo, taught me about posing, and congratulated me for "taking the plunge" and actually doing it. I accepted quite gravely their compliments, realizing that they too must feel the same respect and moral sobriety for the position that I had just taken. One lady was particularly nice. She showed me my locker and gave me a little yellow sheet with the lock combination on it. "Cool," I said, "my own locker."

"There's a deposit," she said, "just in case you break the lock or something." I nodded, and thanked her profusely—man, I almost cried. "You start tomorrow night at seven o'clock. You're a pro now!" she said.

I got to the studio early for my first day, trying to remember everything that I had been taught the previous afternoon. "Okay, calm" I thought, "just sing a hymn." I practiced my sitting. I had fifteen minutes, so I went to my locker. But when I looked in my pocket where I was sure I had left the combination, the little yellow piece of yellow paper was gone! I really didn't know what to do—the class only lasted a couple hours, but I didn't want to leave all my belongings lying around. I found this room with a podium. "Cool," I thought, "I'll just stash my clothes under this podium." I looked down at my new Gap jeans and my little brown braided belt like I was leaving two friends, and I shoved them under the podium. Nobody saw me.

letters from the brick:

a detailed explanation and apology to the honor code for my "lewd conduct" referral last thursday

The modeling part went fine—I just thought of God and didn't look at any of the girls in the room. It was kind of cold, but agreeable enough for just sitting there. My eyes started to twitch halfway through the class. That's when I knew something was wrong.

When I got back to the room to retrieve my clothes, they were gone. The podium had been moved. "Man, this is clean," I thought. Then it occurred to me—custodial must've come in and taken my clothes! So I went to look for custodial. I tried to find something to cover myself. I found a black plastic bag. "I have to be sneaky," I thought, "nobody can see me."

It was really bugging me to hold the bag constantly, so I just tied it around my neck on the way over. I tried not to walk out in the open—keeping to the walls and hiding around corners and stuff. Then, right before the custodial office, I saw this girl who was just studying on the floor. "Uh, hello," I said.

"Aaaahhh!" she said.

"Shhhhhh!" I tried to keep her quiet, but she just screamed and screamed. I got real nervous, and ran back the way I came and waited until she left. I heard her talking to some guy about it: "Who was that guy," she whimpered. "It's okay, honey, it's ooo kaay. We'll report this to the Honor Code," he said. Then, I sat there for a half hour waiting for them to leave. I think I really freaked her out, finally, I found custodial. They were just closing up, and started laughing real hard when they saw me and I explained myself. Luckily my clothes were there—my jeans and my braided belt. Then I got mad at the custodians. "My job is a moral weight," I said, "you just don't know." They just kept laughing, even though I was telling the truth. I was on my honor.

Anyway, that's how I came to be referred to the Honor Code. I write this letter claiming, as I have stated, my innocence from any intentional infringement of that sacred code which I uphold. I have even been interviewed and deemed worthy by my bishop to do here. I'm sorry this incident had to happen here, on campus. I would gladly assume another position of equal import and function anywhere at BYU, if you dorks will help me find one (something in the library would be nice). All my sincerest apologies for my rather public, rather bizarre behavior.

Repetantly,
Brick

by Susan Aldrich Ferguson

It is very dark and I am shivering, partially because I am chilled to the bone, and partially because I am wondering why I am here, and what I am going to do. The rain continues to pound the desert in torrents and I shrink into a ball at the bottom of my thin sleeping bag, unsuccessfully attempting to shut the wet and cold out. My very first experience with the desert, and is showing me no mercy. I question my sanity of entering unprepared with a practical stranger into this wild and foreign world. The stranger is sleeping near me in this otherwise humanless land. I had met him only the day before and had convinced him to bring me here on this night. I consider going to him for added warmth and comfort. But I cannot. I did not come here to shelter myself from the elements. I realize that the rainstorm and wind are actually providing the isolation and privacy that I thirst for. So I remove my saturated sleeping bag from me and embrace the earth, seeking understanding and wisdom. I have nothing to protect me, I am alone, and must now face myself and my beliefs.

I will never forget that night, and the transformation that occurred in me. That was part of my Nevada Desert Experience. I went to Las Vegas the weekend of March 26-28, 1993 for the "Mormon Peace Weekend" gathering. We stayed in St. James church and had an experience that included songs, poetry, consensus decision-making, radiation exposure guidelines, nonviolence discussions, nuclear weapon testing discussions,

personal reflection time, and many other activities.

That Saturday night as I was alone in the desert dark, I pondered over the confusing events and feelings of the past few days. I wanted to make a statement, make a difference, to be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and I believed this was a good cause. But I didn't want to be arrested for reasons which would not prove sufficient to my heart. I didn't want to be arrested because I was a Mormon, and because our gospel advocates civil disobedience. And I didn't want to be arrested because it was cool or brave or liberal. I didn't want to be arrested to defy authority and show the United States government what I think of them. I had heard a downwinder speak, and I even had a close friend whose family had suffered as a direct result of the testing. It hurt to hear their pain. Nuclear weapon testing isn't a light, little matter. It is of enormous propensity. Before I could do anything, I needed to understand and feel. Although I believe in action based on principle, I wanted more than principle to stir me to action. So I had someone bring me out to the desert and it was there that I searched and faced my various feelings and emotions, and it was there that I asked the Earth for feeling and understanding.

Corbin Harney, Shoshone Spiritual Elder said, "It is very important for you people to be here. We have to work together to stop this contamination of Mother Earth." Many people at the Mormon Peace Gathering were beautiful people with sincere hearts and understanding who said powerful words. But I needed to

i will sing for peace and harmony

know for myself what I was to do. And by the time the sun rose, and the rain turned to drizzle, I felt peace within, and had been changed through my surroundings. I was ill from being in the bare, raw earth, and was quite pale and flush. Kind people lent me dry clothes, and we all prepared for our witnessing. Our group met and formed a half circle around the fence which separated us from the land—The Land which the federal government stole from the Western Shoshone. The Land where much damage was done. The Land whose use represented a history of unrighteous dominion and dashed hopes of peace and love. The Land who mourns for herself and those around her. The Land who suffers in silence.

It was funny because the land on one side looked exactly like that on the other. The only thing distinguishing the nuclear weapon testing ground from the rest of the land was the man-made fence. There, on the public side we sang and worshipped and listened. There, those who wanted to, could climb over the barbed fence and form another semicircle, both sides joining hands creating a perfect circle, binding both sides to each other. There was no pressure to cross the fence or be arrested; in the end it was a very personal and private decision. I was one of those who crossed over and walked on the testing site land. We marched all of us together on both sides, singing hymns, and I was arrested and placed in a holding cell. It was very strange because the holding cell was quite a spiritual, peaceful experience for me.

I have shared my experience and feelings with hardly anyone, because it is so personal to me. But I will no longer be silent. I will sing and protest and voice my views, for they are a part of me. I will obey the law I know and believe in—the law of my conscience.

Terry Tempest Williams writes of a dream where women from all over the world speak, dance and sing in the desert. Some of what they sing is:

*You can't forbid us everything
You can't forbid us to think
You can't forbid our tears to flow
And you can't stop the songs that we sing.*

I hope to be a part of those women that she dreamed of. I will think. I will cry. I will sing for peace and harmony. And I will not be stopped.

Today, there are still thousands of nuclear weapons and plans to begin "subcritical" nuclear testing in Nevada. You are invited to attend the Lenten Desert Experience XVI Weekend from Friday, March 21 to Sunday, March 23 to find out more about the interfaith witness against nuclear weapons. If you have any questions or would like more information, please write Mormon Peace Gathering, 706 Sixth Avenue, Salt Lake City, UT 84103, or call 595-8226.

Stronger than a prison's walls

by Fara Anderson

I've drawn a chalk circle around my feet, tighter than a plastic hula hoop, whiter than Bateman's soul. My bishop told me that such a circle was necessary

if I wanted to uphold my honor and come back to the BYU next year. So I've drawn this circle on my dorm room floor with a piece of chalk I stole from Eng. 115 and I'm not going to set out of it, not even one little toe. My roommate Pete just went to dinner. Tonight they're having Cornish game hens, hens hot as hell fire. I haven't eaten in fifteen hours because I've been standing here. No trips to the bathroom. Can't reach the phone. But I've drawn this chalk circle around my feel and I'll be damned if I'll break my honor just for a Cornish game hen. And ice cream. Or a glass of Morris Center root beer. My honor's more important than dinner... Oh screw it. Please throw me an eraser.

Honor Code: the paragraph

by Fara Anderson

The Honor Code does many things, but mostly it just gets on my nerves. That's about it.

The Honor Code: an important poem of question and answer by one of Fara's friends

Is it against the Honor Code to sing "Wild Thing" during ward choir practice?

No, if the following are true:

You sing it in four part harmony.

There is a tenor solo and a flute.

You sing at least one verse a capella.

You have either an oooohing or humming descant, sung by a blonde soprano.

You have a testimony to the truthfulness of the song.

Half of the sopranos are singing the tenor part an octave up.

Someone is flat.

You sing it with the spirit.

Is wishing for someone to die against the Honor Code?

No, as long as:

Your skirt was to your knees when you made the wish.

You're not camping with a mixed group.

You didn't use any four-letter words in your wish.

You didn't judge the person when you made the wish.

You really mean it 'cause then you're not lying.

You're not at your boyfriend's after midnight when you make the wish.

You're not stealing the wish from someone else.

You're not throwing a snowball when you wish it, or driving too fast.

You wish it on everyone else so that you're not discriminating.

You go to all the devotions including the ones where they just dance.

You repeat of the wish and talk to your bishop.

You wish it with pure love of charity.

Is it against the Honor Code to watch your roommate undress?

Yeah, you freak!

Issues & Opinions

lesson, cont'd

at either my office or my home. I'd like to speak to you." Since all of the words that Christian had ever said to his professor were 'hello', 'here', and 'bye', he doubted that his professor had called to just chat. He called the teacher back and the teacher asked Christian to meet with him the following morning. Having asked what it concerned, Christian received the response of 'your performance in class'. Had he done so well that the teacher wanted to know Christian's study habits to pass on to all of his future students so that they could also do so well on their tests? Doubtful.

After a rather agonizing night, wondering what it was that his teacher could possibly want to talk to him about, Christian awoke and went to the professor's office. "Come in my friend," the teacher welcomed him.

"So, what do you want?" Christian asked.

"What did you think of the final, Christian?"

"I thought it was pretty easy. I think I did well."

"Yes, indeed. You did very well. Extraordinarily well, in fact."

"Well that's good news."

"I just want you to know that you have been accused of cheating on your final."

"Oh? How, and by whom?"

"My T.A. and 3 other students are willing to write down their testimonies to the fact that they heard you and Matthew discussing the test and cheating."

"Hmm. That's neat. You wanna hear every word of the conversations that were exchanged between me and Matthew?"

"Please."

Christian then told the professor exactly what was said.

"Well, I guess the next step would be to take their formal written accusations and take this in front of the student court."

"I can't believe this. This is ridiculous."

"However, if you would be willing to

admit to cheating to me, I might be willing to just drop the whole thing."

"So you want me to lie? Is that it? You want me to lie to just have this thing all cleared up?"

"No, I'm not asking you to lie, I just want you to tell the truth."

"Because it sure sounds like you want me to lie to make it a lot easier on everyone here."

"No, I don't want you to lie."

"Good, because I'm not going to. I'll tell you what, how about if we go to your student court thing right now and get all of this taken care of. Professor, how many answers did I leave blank on my final?"

"Four."

"Don't you think that if I was cheating, I'd probably try to get those ones too?"

"That's a good point. Are you an R.M.?"

"Yes."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Do you have a temple recommend?"

"Yes."

"Hmmm. I'll tell you what . . . I believe you. You can just pretend that none of this ever happened. Maybe this can be a lesson to you to never talk again during a final."

Matthew was never even called in to speak with the professor. Storming out of the professor's office, Christian did not even have the right to know who his accusers were. His accusation was 'forgotten' by his professor, but there are still four little bastard holier-than-thou smart ones, who every time that they see him, think, "Oh. That guy is dishonest." That sounds fair to me. The Lord's University? But, you'd better be careful - if your friend says something to you during a final, just pretend that you don't know him and that he doesn't even exist. Oh yeah, watch out if Christian is sitting next to you in one of your classes. His eyes

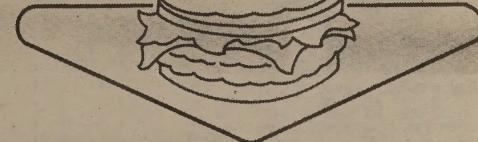
may be on your paper right now.

Limerick

by Eric Freeze

Breaking the HonorCode
I went behind the chastity line
and (understandably taking my time)
went into a room
and found some perfume
And a bra and panties - is that a crime?

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- Kevin Kenner @ the de Jong Concert Hall. Mar. 14 7pm tickets (\$3) 378-4322
- Peter Breinholt @ the de Jong Concert Hall. Mar. 15 7pm tickets (\$3) 378-4322
- Women's Chorus @ the de Jong Concert Hall. Mar. 18 7:30 pm tickets (\$3) 378-4322
- Jazz Ensemble @ the de Jong Concert Hall. Mar. 18-19 7:30 pm FREE
- Concert Chior @ the de Jong Concert Hall. Mar. 20 7:30 pm FREE
- Advanced Song Showcase @ the de Jong Concert Hall. Mar. 21 FREE

THEATER

- 'She Loves Me' @ the Hale Center Theater. Playing through March. 2180 S Main Street, SLC: 484-9257
- 'Barefoot to Zion' @ the

Promised Valley Playhouse. Playing through Marv. 132 S State Street, SLC: 364-5696

- 'Crow and the Weasel' Margret's Arena Theater. Through Mar. 15 7:30 pm/Saturday Matinee at 2 pm. Ticket (\$3) 378-4322
- 'Brigadoon' @ the Pardoe Drama Theater. Mar. 19-Apr. 5 7:30 pm. On Saturday, Mar. 29, 2 pm Matinee. Tickets (\$3) 378-4322

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Mama's Cafe, 840 N 700 East, Provo 373-1525:

- 14 Kim Simpson
- 17 Serious Sophia
- 18 Hey Man Kevin Style Band
- 19 Celebates
- 20 Jonathan Dean (\$)
- 21 Mighty Mahogany
- 22 Ryan Shupe

Soul Kitchen, 936 E 45 North, Provo 344-8512:

- 13 13 BJ's
- 14 Gathering of Osiris & Due Time
- 15 Molly, Due Time, and Kid

clocks...

ESSENTIALS

- AIDS Hotline: 1-800-AIDS-411
- Alcoholics Anonymous: 375-8620
- Alpha Therapeutic Corporation: 373-2600
- Bateman, President: 374-8686
- Blockbuster: 373-2227
- Camping at Utah State Park: 322-3770
- Concert Hotline: 536-1234
- Counseling and Development Center: 378-3035
- Diet Center: 375-6000
- Emergencies: 911
- Highway Patrol Road Conditions: 1-800-492-2400
- LDS Social Services: 378-7620
- Marriage Licenses: 370-8109
- Restaurant Express: 224-7427
- Smith Tix: 1-800-888-TIXX
- Student Review: 371-8400
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COMMUNITY ATTRACTION OF THE MONTH:

Peppermint Place, 155 E 200 North, Alpine 756-7400

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